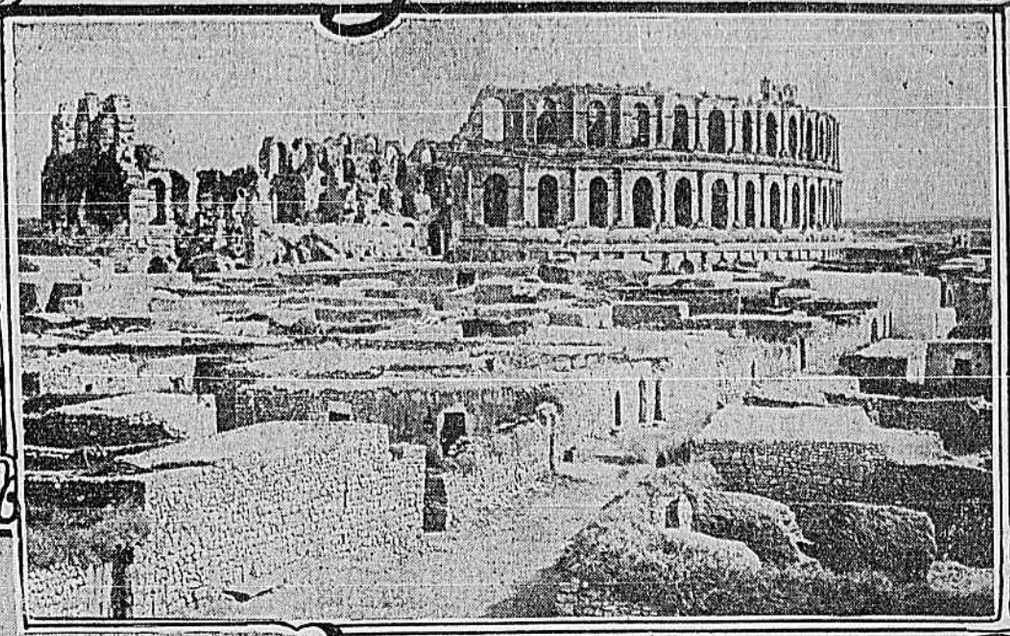
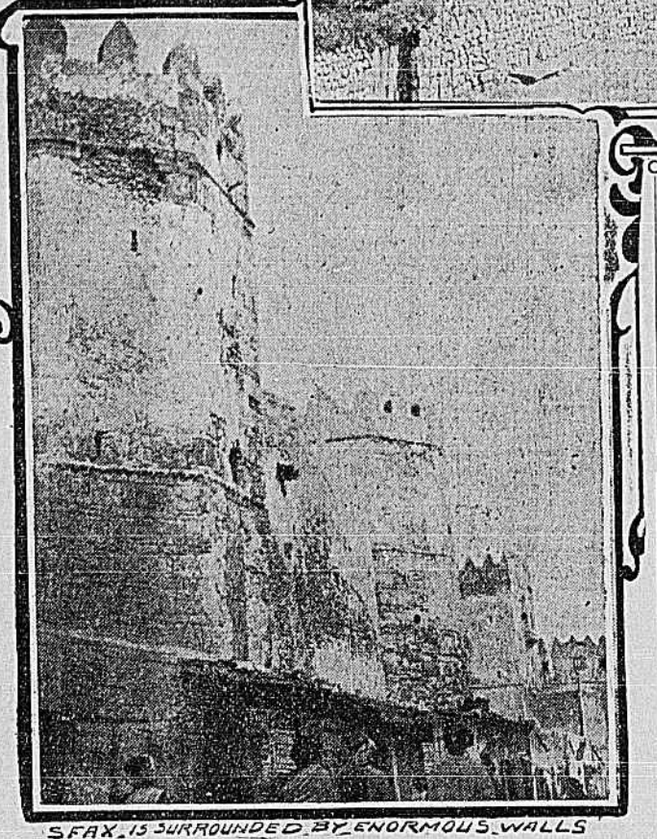
ACROSS AFRICA IN AN AUTOMOBILE

THE YELLOW DEVIL.

OLIVE ORCHARD ABOVE THE CATACOMBS OF SOUSSE.



THE AMPHITHEATRE.



SFAX IS SURROUNDED BY ENORMOUS WALLS

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER

Sfax, Eastern Tunisia.

ACROSS Africa in an automobile! Riding at breakneck speed through the deserts of Eastern Tunisia! Dashing along on the back of a "yellow devil" through crowds of superstitious Mohammedan Arabs! Scaring the people, routing the donkeys and camels, and turning the caravans into flying hordes of men and beasts!

These are among the features of my journey from Sousse to Sfax in an automobile. The distance is eighty miles, and our speed was about fifteen miles an hour.

We came by train from Tunis to Sousse. The journey takes about six hours, and the whole way is along the Mediterranean Sea. Sousse lies on the Mediterranean, away off here on the edge of North Africa. It is an old city of 25,000 Mohammedans, made up of snow-white, flat-roofed buildings, crowded together along streets so narrow that wheeled vehicles cannot pass through them, and surrounded by walls thirty feet high. It is entered only by great gates in the walls, and the scenes within are those of the "Arabian Nights." The men are dark-skinned, wearing turbans and gowns, and the women, clad all in black, are so closely veiled that not even their eyes can be seen.

A town of but few foreigners, Sousse has all the aspects of the days of Haroun al Raschid. Its streets resound with the tales of story-tellers, with the high, thin voices of Arab schoolboys as they sing out the Koran they are trying to learn, and with the shrill cries of the Imans from the minarets of the mosques as they call the people to prayers.

It is indeed the last place on earth where one would expect to find an automobile. It is one of the oldest cities of the world. It was founded by the Phoenicians 2,800 years ago, and was in existence even before Carthage itself. It was an imperial Roman city in the days of the Emperor Trajan, and, under the Arabs, it was for a long time the stronghold of pirates and corsairs.

On the Yellow Devil.

I wish I could show you the scene of our departure, and the crowd that gathered outside the walls to see the "yellow devil" start off. The "yellow devil," as I call it, is a great golden automobile, which has just been brought here from Paris to carry first-class passengers from Sousse to Sfax. It is of French make, shaped like an old Concord coach, with three seats on the top, six inside, and one in front for the chauffeur. Its motive power is gasolene, and on starting it groans and puffs and blows, like the demon it is, sending chills of fear down the backs of the natives.

Take a seat with me on the top and ride through the wild scenes of Northeastern Africa. We are higher up than the roofs of those huts by the roadside, and away above the motley crowd of Arabs, watching the start. Now the "yellow devil" is trembling; the chauffeur has turned the crank which lets on the power! Now he blows his horn. Honk! Honk! We are off.

Honk! Honk! We are flying about the high walls of Sousse, the men and beasts in the road running to get out of our way.

Honk! Honk! See those two black objects who are almost under the wheels; they are Arab women clad all in crape, so frightened that their veils have fallen back and their scared brown faces appear.

Honk! Honk! See that crowd of children scamper! One boy has lost his red fez cap, but he runs on and on.

Honk! Honk! We are passing an encampment of Arab soldiers! The men are drying their wash on the grass, and they wave their wet garments at us as we go by.

Farming Scenes.

Now we have left the suburbs of Sousse, and are far out on the plains. We are traveling through olive orchards. They cover the country for miles. Sousse makes salad oil for shipment to all the world; and it has been noted for its olives since the days of the Carthaginians. Indeed, most of the trees look old enough to have been planted long before Christ. They are knotty and gnarly; but their wide-spreading green branches are loaded with fruit. The orchards are interspersed with grain fields and pastures; and the automobile frightens the men at the plows and also the animals which feed near the roadside.

Honk! Honk! See those black sheep, with their fat tails flopping, as they gallop over the fields! The ewes are running as fast as they can, with the little lambs tagging behind. Now we are passing a flock where the rams are butting the ewes to make them get out of the way.

Honk! Honk! See those camels cantering over the plain! They look like interrogation points upon legs. Nearer the road are some which are dragging plows through the furrows. They are in harness, away off from the road, and their backs are turned to the automobile. Now they see us and break away in a panic, dragging with them the forked sticks used here as plows. We see hundreds of camels during our journey. We meet them on the road carrying great burdens, which they almost lose as they gallop out of the way. We see them hobbled in the fields, and they stand out like great yellow ostriches against the sky of the horizon.

Among the Bedouins.

Farther on we reach the edge of the desert. We pass Arab encampments. The low black tents become alive as we approach. Bedouin women, clad in turkey red gowns, crawl out from under the tent curtains, and gaily clad children loaded with jewelry stand and stare at our automobile. There are Bedouin girls, whose silver anklets flash in the sun, and whose enormous earrings stand out against their rich copper faces.

Now we are passing a cemetery. It is filled with Arabs in white gowns; there is evidently a funeral going on. They rise from the tombs and gaze at us as we fly by. The tombstones are mere boxes of clay. Each has a stone at the head and one at the foot, upon which the guardian angels of the deceased are supposed to sit watching their dead.

Notice the road! It is as smooth as the Beach drive in Rock Creek Park just outside of Washington city, and harder and better. From our seats on the top of the automobile we can see it stretching on and on for miles through the desert, narrowing down to a pin point in the distance. Tunisia and Algeria have thousands of miles of well-kept highways, and one could travel from Morocco almost to Tripoli in an automobile. Our journey of eighty miles is everywhere equally good, and, as dusk comes on, and we fly along with the yellow devil's eyes blazing forth their acetylene flames, we have no fears of bursting tires nor of ruts which may cause a breakdown. It is pitch dark as we make our way into Sfax, and pull up in front of a French hotel, where we stay for the night.

The Amphitheatre of El-Djem.

I wonder if you have ever heard of El-Djem. It is one of the most wonderful of all Roman ruins, and is surpassed only in size by the Colosseum at Rome. I mean the great amphitheatre which is situated on this road about twenty miles from the sea. I saw it on my way from Sousse to Sfax. It stands on a plain, rising high above its surroundings.

From the top of the automobile one can see the ruins long before he comes to them. At first they look like a mighty bluff, a fortification or the walls of a fortified town. Nearer, we observe that they are a great amphitheatre, and closer still the walls tower over us to the height of a twelve-story flat. One side of the amphitheatre has been torn away, but the greater part still stands. I climbed up from gallery to gallery, and through the arcades, where the men and women promenaded in the days of imperial Rome while waiting for the gladiatorial shows to begin in the arena below.

The outlines of the arena are plainly marked. They inclose an ellipse of almost an acre, and, according to my paces, they actually measure about 200 feet long and 175 feet wide.

The walls of this mighty structure, the most of which still stand, are 120 feet high, and it is said that they were one story higher, but that the top story has been torn away. There are three galleries rising one over the other. Under the lower ones are the cells where the wild animals were kept and the rooms in which the gladiators waited until called into the arena to fight with beasts or murder the early Christians. This theatre saw the massacre of thousands; it was even more noted for its lions than that of Rome, the wild beasts being brought from the Atlas Mountains nearby.

El-Djem vs. the Roman Colosseum.

It is said that the Colosseum at Rome seated 87,000 spectators. El-Djem was about three-quarters as large, and is said to have seats for 60,000. Looking at its galleries this seems probably true. The building has a ground floor of five or six acres, and, with the galleries, it could have accommodated an enormous number of people. I have seen as many as 25,000 men at one of our great national conventions. Fully that many were seated at Chicago when Garfield was nominated, and the seating capacity of El-Djem was almost three times as large. The circumference of the amphitheatre here is only 200 feet less than that of the Colosseum, and its width and breadth each measure as much within 100 feet. The Colosseum, as it exists to-day, is a little higher than El-Djem, but with the story which was torn away added they would be of about the same height.

The Romans had an old saying which read:

"While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls, with it shall fall the world."

On the Site of Old Thysdrus

I doubt not the citizens of Northern Africa thought the same of El-Djem. But who can now tell us anything of the people who sat in this mighty playhouse? We know only that there was a great town here in the time of imperial Rome. It was called Thysdrus, and it must have been of enormous size to have required a theatre like this. During the third century it was one of the richest cities of Northern Africa, and the capital of a thickly populated country. There were other great cities nearby; about eight miles away was one which had also a theatre, and which still shows the remains of vast cisterns built for its water supply.

Thysdrus remained great up to about the time of the Arab invasion, but the people about were then governed by a Berber queen known as Kahena. The country was so rich that it was attacked again and again, and Kahena, thinking the matter over, came to the conclusion that the wealth of her people was the cause of the numerous invasions, and that if they destroyed their cities her country would be let alone. She thereupon called her mountain tribes together and ordered them to cut down the orchards and level the towns. This was done all over the country, vast territories being reduced from riches to poverty. It had, however, the reverse effect of what she intended. The people who had lost their property sided with the invaders, and Kahena was defeated. Her last stand was made in the amphitheatre of El-Djem, and its battered walls still show the effects of that siege.

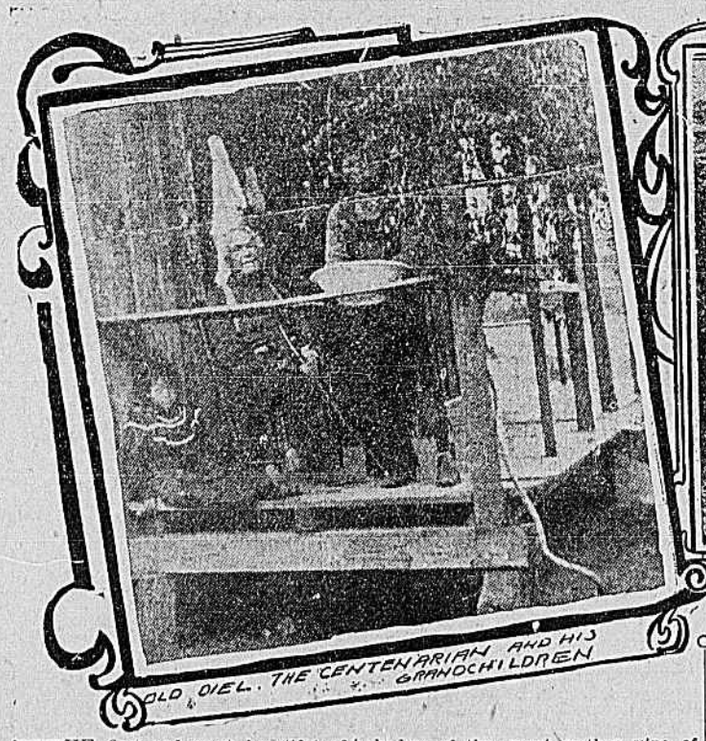
Since then it has been robbed by the generations which followed. It has been a quarry for both Arabs and Christians, and of late the French have uncovered its mosaics and carried them off to their museums. To-day they are making [illegible] to protect what is left. I found [illegible] the ruins shut off by doors [illegible] fences, and masons were [illegible] and there repairing the d[illegible] the vandals.

North Africa.

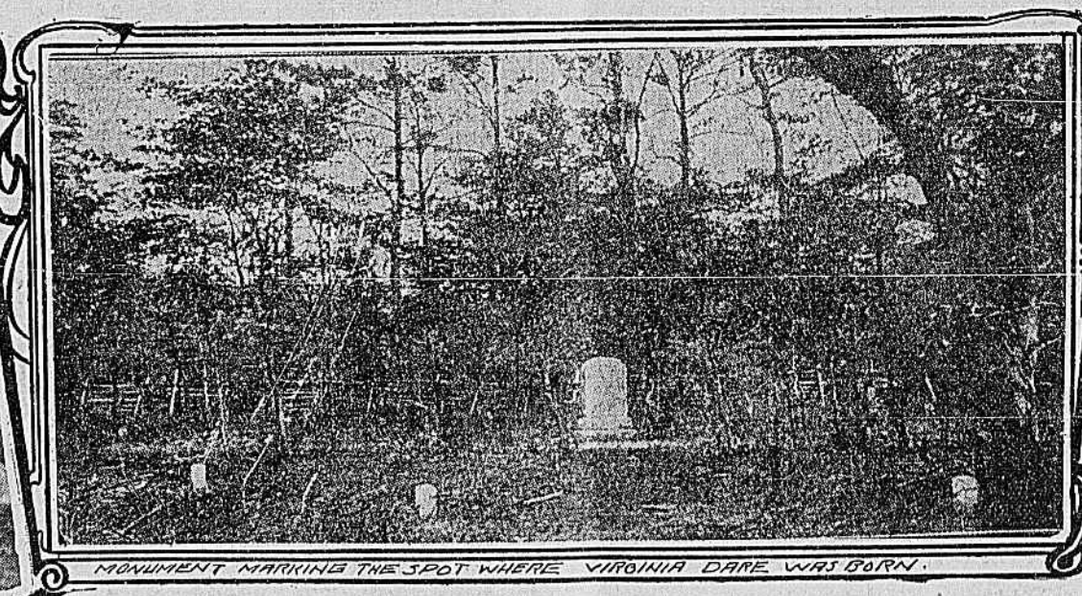
The [illegible] come when Northern

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

RALEIGH'S LOST COLONY ON ROANOKE ISLAND



OLD DIEL. THE CENTENARIAN AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN



MONUMENT MARKING THE SPOT WHERE VIRGINIA DARE WAS BORN.

A TYPICAL HOUSE AMONG THE CROATANS

THE first and most beautiful of Anglo-Indian romances—that of Pocahontas and John Smith—is preceded in American traditional history by a tragic Anglo-Indian story, in which the fact of an Indian girl marrying an Englishman was reversed, for an article written by Alexander Hume Ford and just published in Appleton's July magazine, purports to solve the mystery of Raleigh's Lost Colony on Roanoke Island, and tells the story of the marriage of Virginia Dare, the first English child born on American soil, and the granddaughter of John White, first Colonial Governor, to a young Indian brave of the Croatan tribe.

For years the imagination of men and women in the old and new world, has dwelt upon the fate which befell the adventurous band of one hundred men and seventeen women, left behind on Roanoke Island, when Governor White sailed for England in August of 1587, moved to undertake the voyage by the entreaties of the Colonists, who needed fresh supplies and other necessaries from the Mother Country.

From the moment when Governor White stood on the deck of his ship and watched the forms of those he left behind—among them his daughter, Eleanor, her husband, Ananias Dare, and their prattling infant, the little Virginia, born and nursed in the shadow of the great mother vine of the white scuppernong grape, for which Roanoke Island was famous—fade from his sight, he lost them utterly, he and the rest of the world in which they had hitherto lived and moved, and had their being.

The sandy low shores, fragrant with the perfume of the grape and the wild rose, where had risen the houses in which the Colonists had found homes, were filled with a pathetic loneliness when Governor White, after a prolonged and enforced absence, returned in 1591. He says: "We let fall our grapnel neere the shore and sounded with a trumpet a call, and afterwards many familiar English tunes of songs, and called to them friendly—but we had no answer."

The next day when they landed they found carved on a tree, standing at the brow of the sandy bank, the letters "C. R. O." It had been agreed between Governor White and the Roanoke Colonists that, if they should be overtaken by misfortune or distress, they would carve a Roman cross above the letters, indicating their place of residence. If they were comfortable and well situated, the cross should be omitted. Therefore, when Governor White found a strongly inclosed fort or palisade, with the houses inside taken down, and on a tree at the entrance the word, "Croatoan" engraved, he rejoiced over it as a token that his daughter, with her family and the other Colonists, were safe at Croaten, the home of Manteo, a chief of the Indian tribe of that name, an Indian who had visited England and been made "Lord of the Island of Roanoke and Dasamongueepec," who had returned to Roanoke and been baptized just a few days before the birth of Virginia Dare.

Governor White made ready to sail down the sound to Croaton and let the Colonists know the causes of his delayed return and give them the assurance that they were still held in the interests and affection of their English friends, but a storm balked his intentions. When it was over, provisions and water were scarce aboard ship, so the Governor decided, as those for whom he was seeking appeared to be safe and comfortable, to sail for St. John, refit there, and come back under better circumstances to Roanoke.

He never came back, and nothing more is known about him. Raleigh had spent all of his fortune in his colonization scheme, and had failed at the last. But he begged the Colonists that were to be sent out by the London Company in 1607 to seek for those who had gone before them. In obedience to his wishes, indeed, the little fleet sailed under orders to anchor at Roanoke Island, but it was blown through the Virginia Capes and into Chesapeake Bay instead. So it was that the Colonists of 1607 were settled at Jamestown Island, and the search for Raleigh's Colony was given up.

Three hundred and twenty years have gone by since the planting of the Colony, and three hundred and sixteen since Governor White paid his last visit to the site, where an abandoned fort and some letters on a tree were all that remained to tell the story of those he looked for in vain.

Mr. Ford takes up the history of the lost Colony at this point. He claims that Governor White might have found what he looked for in 1591, had he sailed down Pamlico Sound and up the Cape Fear River to its headwaters. He also claims that the mystery of the disappearance of the Colonists is explained by the traditions of the Croatan Indians, many of whom still live in a settlement near Fayetteville, N. C. According to a legend still extant among this tribe, in the year 1587, Roanoke Island was only separated from the mainland by a marsh. When the hunting season was through, the Indians, who had met the Roanoke Colony with kindness, made their preparations to move inland.

The whites, dreading the approach of winter and with it possible famine, asked to go with the Indians and remain under their protection, until they could have help sent them from England. Chief Manteo, who had been across the seas and seen good Queen Bess, was willing to meet the desires of the whites. So the Englishmen left signs on the trees and, there being too many women and children for canoe travel, they started on an overland march.

Mr. Ford, who has followed the Indian trail, declares that the Raleigh Colony might have been followed and found long ago by the slips of the white scuppernong grape, brought by them from the "mother vine" at Roanoke, and planted wherever they stopped.

The whites and the Croatans rested for years at a place called Burnt Lake. The whites evidently thought that messengers from the sea might overtake them here. But none ever came. To-day, says Mr. Ford, if a question is asked the Croatan chroniclers concerning Virginia Dare, they will remain silent, but if one talks about "Virginia Darr," there will be an eager assent of "Yes, yes; we know Virginia Darr; she is our mother way back." And then the old tradition will be revived of how the baby girl was taken with the white men and women from Roanoke Island; of how she grew into graceful maidenhood on the banks of "Burnt Lake" (or Mattanuskeet); of how she went by the name of "White Doe" and married a young Croatan brave. As in the case of Pocahontas, her descendants have grown to be famous, Governor Lowrey Swain, of North Carolina, and Senator Hiram R. Revels, of Mississippi, claiming descent from her.

In their route from Roanoke Island, delineated by Mr. Ford, the Raleigh Colony is heard of in Sampson county, North Carolina, and near Cape Hatteras, the trail finally ending in Robeson county, where, in 1729, English settlers found light Indians on Lumber River, with English habits of life, who claimed to be descendants of the "Lost Colony." In 1732 Henry Berry and James Lowrey, leading men of the tribe, who had the same names as their English forbears, received land grants from George II. In Robeson county a family of Dares reside, who claim kinship with the "White Doe of Roanoke."

The Croatons of to-day, as described by Mr. Ford, are rather uncommunicative. But they still cultivate the white scuppernong and distil wine from the grapes after the fashion taught them by the Roanoke Colonists. The Indian trail followed by Mr. Ford is known in Robeson county as "the great Lowrey road," the whites having taught the Croatans road-building along with wine-distilling, and this road having been put in shape by their Croatan chief, Henry Lowrey. In speech, in their knowledge of architecture, in the fact that forty-one out of the ninety-five surnames of the Raleigh Colony survive in the Croatan tribal names of to-day, the evidence is considered indisputable by Mr. Ford, that the Colonists at Roanoke Island were amalgamated with these Indians.

When the English settlers came to Jamestown Island, it was reported to them that a part of the Roanoke Island settlers had gone northward among Powhatan's people, and that by Powhatan's orders they were put to death about the time that Jamestown Island was occupied by the English. Only seven were saved, four men, two boys and a young girl, and from these were descended the Hatteras Indians, found near Roanoke Island a century afterward. They claimed white ancestry.

In support of this tradition is the fact that Captain Newport and Captain John Smith found at an Indian village below Richmond, in 1607, a slender boy about ten years of age, who had blue eyes and fair hair and was supposed to have been the son of some member of the Roanoke Colony.

Captain Francis Nelson, says Mr. Ford, who left Virginia in 1608, took back to London a chart on which he marked at one inland place: "Here remaineth four men clothed, that came from Roanoke to Ocanhawan (which information Powhatan confirmed). At Peccarecmek and Ochanahoen (on the Neuse) the people have houses built with stone walls, the one story above the other, so taught them by the English who escaped the slaughter at Roanoke."

To-day there are no more historic sites in the United States than Jamestown and Roanoke Islands. A modest monument marks the place where Virginia Dare was born, and smaller stones outline the location of the 1587 fort. The great scuppernong vine, under which she was cradled, is still in lusty growth, and is said to cover an acre.

The after home of the "White Doe of Roanoke" and the place of burial have not yet been revealed with certainty to searchers after the truth of history. But her memory is indissolubly linked with the island where she was born, and it is believed that her blood to-day courses in the veins of many to whom she has transmitted the courage and the nobility of her Anglo-Saxon heritage.